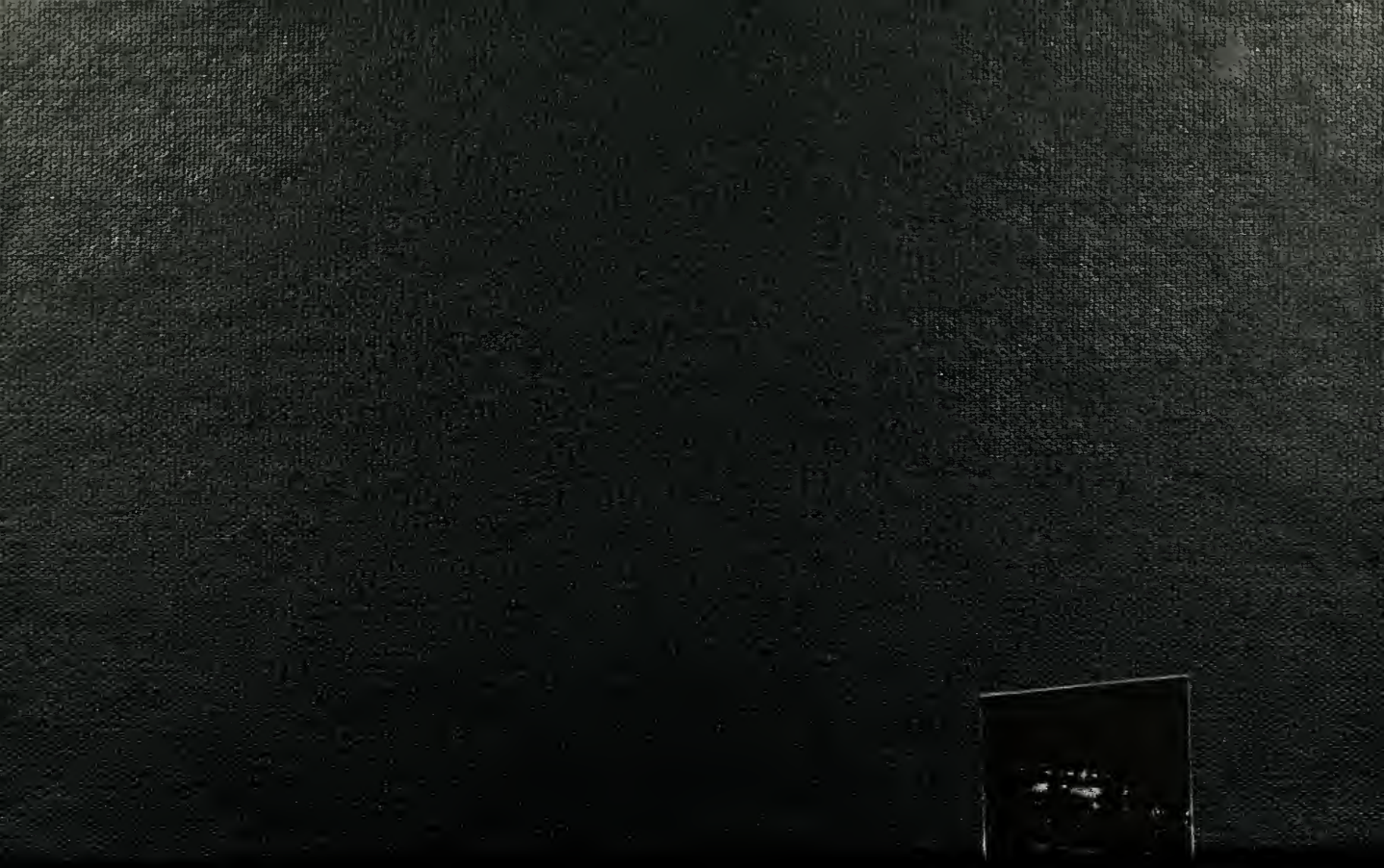

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

PAGE

EDITORIAL 1
Elizabeth Pfohl, M.A., Dean and Assistant Professor of English of Mary Baldwin College

COMMENCEMENTS 4
David Allan Robertson, Litt.D., LL.D., President of Goucher College Baltimore, Maryland

CONTEMPORARY SOCIAL TRENDS IN AMERICA 10
Thomas Hancock Grafton, Ph.D., Professor of Social Sciences and Education, Mary Baldwin College

THE UNITED STATES AND LATIN AMERICA 15
Karl Eastman Shedd, Ph.D., Professor of Romance Languages, Mary Baldwin College

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS OF PALESTINE 20
Mary E. Lakenan, M.R.E., Professor of Bible, Mary Baldwin College

THE FUNCTIONS OF RELIGION IN A CHANGING WORLD 25
Rev. Hunter B. Blakely, Th.D., D.D., Pastor, First Presbyterian Church, Staunton, Virginia

(Continued on next page)

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MARY BALDWIN COLLEGE

TABLE OF CONTENTS *(Continued)*

MUSIC AND THE SCIENTIFIC AGE 30
Mary Fishburne, M.M., Assistant Professor of Piano and Harmony, Mary Baldwin College

NEAR BEAUTY—A Poem 34
Marshall M. Brice, M.A., Instructor in English, Mary Baldwin College, Head of English Department, Staunton Military Academy

CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN POETRY 35
Edward P. Vandiver, Jr., Ph.D., Professor of English, Mary Baldwin College

FOR SUCH A TIME AS THIS 39
Gillie Aldah Larew, Ph.D., Professor of Mathematics, Randolph-Macon Woman's College, Lynchburg, Virginia

MARY BALDWIN BULLETIN

Volume VI. MARY BALDWIN BULLETIN No. 4

EDITORIAL

ELIZABETH PFOHL

The gravity of the obligation of the American college to its students has never been so keenly realized as it is today. Its realization may be a reflection of America's enthusiastic endorsement of education as the panacea for all ills, both of the individual and of the nation; it may be the result of the scrutiny which the departments of education, in building up the content of their courses, have given to every college—student activity and relationship; it may even be a by-product of the American business ideal of value given for value received. Whatever we may say in explanation, the fact remains—the American college today accepts an obligation for its students that is very similar to that assumed by the parents of an earlier social order. College students of America today can sing with certainty of their *Alma Mater* and can call themselves in reality alumni or alumnæ, foster sons or daughters.

Evidence of this realization of the grave responsibility which rests upon the college may be found in many places. College catalogues speak unmistakably in statements of aims and objectives: "Subject matter and teaching methods are determined by a desire to afford an enlightened approach to the art of living, an intelligent understanding of the world today, an ability to evaluate knowledge and use it, and to provide the element of balance in a world pulled along countless intellectual by-paths by specialization".

"The purpose of ——— College is to afford intelligent and adequately prepared young women an opportunity to obtain such knowledge of the world and of thought, and such appreciation of artistic and of ethical values as will enable them to develop their best potentialities to the fullest degree, to spend their leisure hours valuably, to enjoy life in a civilized manner, and to become forceful members of the community of which they find themselves members."

"The aim of Mary Baldwin College is to provide a Christian atmosphere of religious and intellectual sincerity, in which young women may be stimulated to seek in the realms of the physical, mental and spiritual those intrinsic values which contribute to the fulness, richness, and wonder of life, and which will enable them to solve life's problems with trained intellect and Christian courage."

The curriculum speaks just as forcibly. Courses in orientation for freshmen, and, at Mary Baldwin, for seniors; an attempt made in all courses to identify the material, no matter how remote, with the world of reality; the presence of many courses in government, in current problems, and in social relations—all of these take into account the personalities of individual students and the responsibility of the college for preparing them for a full life and a developing experience.

The American college should be recognized as accepting an obligation that is parental in nature but transcends that of

parents in extent and point of time. The personnel worker, the vocational guidance counsellor, the social director, the dean (who may be all of these aforementioned rolled into one), the director of physical education, the faculty advisors, and the president of the college spend their days and many of their nights in consideration of the problems of the individuals entrusted to their care. Gravely and seriously, they are responsible.

The college takes an individual and carries her through four years of her life, providing her not only with a store of information and knowledge but also with intellectual stimulation, with broad social contacts, with increased opportunities for physical development, with guidance in personal problems, with opportunity for the development of initiative and qualities of leadership, with training in self-discipline and self-control, with a basis for making personal evaluations, and with a realization that education is a process that has been scarcely begun. The four years over, it places upon her its approval, challenging her to a life in which she will uphold the ideals for which the college stands, reminding her that she does not stand alone, but that back of her, upholding her, strengthening her, following her in all she does, is her *Alma Mater,* strong, serene, secure. The graduation exercises of such colleges are a sacrament, the sacrament of education.

Even after graduation the student may continue to rely upon the college. If she wishes a position, the college will assist her in finding one. She can call upon administrative officers and faculty members to recommend her, to introduce her, to advise with her. Lest she slump intellectually, there is the Alumnæ School to arouse her slumbering interests, the reading lists prepared by the college to direct her in her study. Never before has any institution made as definite an effort to supplement the work of the home as the American college is making today as it plans and executes a program that makes provision for the continuous development of its sons and daughters from the day of their registration until the end of their earthly lives.

The life of a college is not measured by three score years and ten. It can minister to the needs of successive generations with an understanding born of long experience. It has incorporated within its aims, ideals and methods, the wisdom of many minds; it has united in its customs and traditions, the richness of many personalities.

No matter how many years have elapsed since an alumna has left her alma mater, no matter how infrequent have been her alumna contacts with the college, when she returns she finds a warm greeting. Unfamiliar faces may meet her, but they are welcoming faces. The old buildings are filled with memories, their corridors echoing still to the footsteps she knew. Changes may have occurred but she recognizes them as necessary and right; the college must be ready to provide for the immediate needs of the immediate present, must keep a

step ahead of its growing daughters. And the changes are not of the heart. The spirit which pervades the college was born of the founders and has been perpetuated by the long line of those who carry on. The alumna who returns to an American college today comes home, comes to a place where she will always be known, loved, and welcomed.

The American college is more than a machine; it is a great personality, a great soul, a great mother. Being such, it recognizes a great responsibility, inspires a great affection, is worthy of a great loyalty.

COMMENCEMENTS

An address by David Allan Robertson, Litt.D., LL.D., President of Goucher College, Baltimore, at the Commencement of Mary Baldwin College, Staunton, Virginia, May 29, 1934.

WHEN I was eight years old I visited an uncle who lived on the coast of Wales. One day I wandered out on a long jetty built of huge blocks of stone. Suddenly I was thrilled by the discovery that the stones were full of fossil marine forms such as I had previously seen only in museums. These fossils too, I thought, should be preserved in exhibition cases and not degraded to the use of daily life. Later I learned that the stones of which London is built—quarried in the Isle of Portland—are likewise full of fossils. You will find them in the parapet of St. Paul's Cathedral and the plinth of the King Charles statue at the head of Whitehall. Even in ordinary building material lie these reminders of ancient life.

To change my figure of speech, we can find ghosts lingering around many of our most familiar things. Have you stood by the Chesapeake and Ohio tracks and observed the rails converge into the distance, and have you ever wondered why they were just so far apart? A wider gauge might have given greater comfort to travellers within wider cars. Why then do we have our four-foot width between the metals? Originally the rails were placed so that a horse-drawn vehicle might be pulled along them; and the width of the horse-drawn vehicle was determined by the size of the horse to which shafts had to be adjusted. So now, when one of the strange new streamlined trains streaks across the continent, there gallops before it the ghost of a horse.

Men's clothes are queer. Why are there buttons on the sleeves? Have you ever seen any one use them? No, but once upon a time a narrow sleeve had to be unbuttoned to let a big hand through. Why are there buttons on men's dress coats at the small of the back? Today they are not only useless but uncomfortable against the back of a chair. Once they were convenient for gentlemen on horseback who buttoned their coat tails out of the way. Why do men wear black evening clothes? Until the middle of the nineteenth century they wore formal clothes of any color they might fancy—pink or blue or yellow or green. The vogue of a satirical novel by Bulwer Lytton seems to have determined that I, who might prefer crimson, must wear black. Even things as dull as men's clothes carry some queer ghosts with them.

Those who can discover fossils and see ghosts will find strange survivals in the games we played in childhood. Every one has marched in a line of children passing beneath the joined, uplifted arms of two who lead in singing "London Bridge is falling down." Why should London Bridge fall down and why should arms be dropped about one person in the procession and why should that child be led aside? We know that ancient bridges did fall down in many lands. We know that London bridge, or parts of it, fell down on several occasions. Across the wide Thames were thrown twenty arches

on thick abutments which greatly obstructed the strongly ebbing or flowing tide. On either side of the street crossing the bridge, houses were built as on the Ponte Vecchio in Florence. Sometimes the ancient houses fell in the river and the bridge had to be rebuilt. "Build it up with pins and needles" goes the song, and comes the prompt objection: "Pins and needles rust away." On what then can one build a bridge? In ancient England and in late nineteenth century Servia there was only one sure foundation for a bridge: a human sacrifice. So when a child is enclosed between the lowered arms of her singing playmates she is led away to be a sacrificial victim on which will rise securely the arches of London bridge. "Patty cake—patty cake" was baked and marked in honor of Thor. "See-saw Margery Daw" is a fossil of the barbaric rite of sawing in half an old woman.

Our academic customs too are queer survivals. You have had gifts at graduation as at Christmas. On both occasions Saint Nicholas, patron of scholars, has favored you, he who tossed through the window dowries for the lovely dowerless maidens, he who guarded wandering scholars from the wiles of murderous envy. In many academic customs and in academic language we can find fossils.

This is the *end* of your college career; you have *completed* the requirements for your degree. We have assembled for *commencement!* Why commencement?

At American college commencements academic costume is annually conspicuous. Like a gentleman's evening coat, it evokes ghosts—ghosts of students and professors long dead in Virginia and Massachusetts, Oxford, Cambridge, Paris, Padua, and Bologna. In the middle ages the student was a young clergyman and appropriately wore a clerical gown. The university required that it should "reach the heels," "be closed in front." At one time there was license as to color, and students wore gowns of green or blue or blood red. At St. Andrews in Scotland the scarlet gowns of undergraduates still brighten the gray days of that northern and still medieval city. The blue coats of the boys of Christ's Hospital, in London, have come down from days before the Reformation. With that austere religious movement came asceticism and the black gowns, unknown before the sixteenth century, worn by the "black Geneva ministers." So, when you don your academic gown you wear it in memory of a host of medieval scholars, young clerics, and unless you belong to a pre-Reformation university like St. Andrews, the blackness of your gown is a sign of the Reformation.

Of course there came to be regulations concerning the length and the cut of the gown and the material of which it might be made. The simple stuff gown of the undergraduate has wide sleeves. In the Scottish universities the bachelor's sleeve at one time was closed like the master's. When students filled the closed sleeves with stones so as to have effective weapons in town and gown riots, the authorities required that the sleeves be opened in a bell shape. Doctors and bishops could be trusted, apparently, to put no stones in their sleeves, for theirs remained wide mouthed as the bachelor's had been. In time the gowns of doctors were edged with velvet and on the sleeves three velvet bars were placed of the same color as the border of the gown. Purple velvet stands for laws, white for letters, blue for philosophy, red for divinity, and black may be used for any faculty.

The hood was once an article of dress and not merely an adornment or symbol. It was lined with silk for summer and for winter it was fully lined with fur—a comfort surely in the unheated cloisters where the scholars copied manuscripts or turned the pages of chained books. The hood, too, has its symbolism. Like the gown, the doctor's hood, larger than that of master or bachelor, has a velvet border of the same color as the gown and an inner lining of the colors of the university which confers the degree.

Another clerical touch survives in the case of the Christ's Hospital costume: the bands, like those worn by some of our Presbyterian ministers. At Oxford there is a kind of survival in the requirement of a white lawn tie for examinations and degree ceremonies. A touch of the Reformation persists also in regard to shoes. These were not to be cut down and were certainly not to be fancy—"*absurdus ille et fatuosus mos.*"

Cap and gown we link inevitably. In Roman law a slave was manumitted by being allowed to put on a cap. So the *pileus,* the round cap of a Master of Arts, marked independence. The soft cap was made square sometimes—the *biretta* —but George Gascoigne says that the round cap was given by God Himself to doctors of Mosaic law. The soft cap, round or square, may still be seen at American commencements on doctors who received their degrees from ancient British or Scottish foundations. The stiff, square cap is modern. So too is its tassel. After the Reformation the bachelor and the undergraduate wore caps without tufts. Later a gold tuft was permitted to the sons of noblemen. You can see why, when some people sought the favors of the rich and well born there came into existence the term "tuft hunters." In the eighteenth century the tuft gave way to a tassel, which was worn on all caps except those of choir boys. The tassel which once marked only the Master's cap now appears on all. Sometimes administrative officers of a university—a president or dean—will wear a golden tassel and sometimes any doctor wears one.

Costumes are not the only commencement fossils. Your engraved or printed invitation is the notice given by the tolling of the bell of St. Mary's at Oxford for one hour before the degree ceremony. Your procession is the entrance of the Vice-Chancellor at Cambridge with the two proctors, who represent the authority of the institution. At Cambridge because they so represent authority they wear their caps throughout the degree ceremony. Even when conferring a degree on the Prince of Wales, the Vice-Chancellor remains seated and wears his cap. Sometimes American assemblies have not understood this, as when Mrs. Hoover or Miss Frances Perkins stood before the seated President of Goucher College. Immediately after the degree was conferred in each case the President rose, doffed his cap and shook hands with the newly made alumna of the college.

Your program with the names of the graduates is successor to the announcement by the Registrar at the English universities that candidates have been approved and names published. The posting of names was a public benefit. After the announcement of the name of a candidate the Proctor walked silently the length of the room and back. If any tradesman wished to prevent the graduation of one who owed him money, he plucked at the Proctor's gown and the degree was withheld. So you see why we speak of students being "plucked."

After the *supplicat* came the presentation of candidates. At one time each candidate was taken by the hand; later, at Oxford, as the numbers increased, five were presented, each holding one finger of the Proctor. Then came the proctorial charge. From the Beadle the Proctor received a New Testament, on which the candidate took an oath to observe the university statutes and to obtain dress appropriate to his degree. Then the Oxford Vice-Chancellor conferred the degree by touching the head of the candidate with the New Testament and granting him permission to incept. At this point the candidate gave up his old gown and returned in the appropriate new one which his servant had ready. Such is the degree ceremony at Oxford. Formerly at this University the candidate received a cap, indicating authority, a ring, showing his mystical marriage to science, and a kiss—the kiss of peace bestowed by the Senior Proctor.

At the Scottish universities the ceremony is somewhat different. At the University of Edinburgh I have seen the students one after another kneel before the Principal, who touches a cap to the head of each. "Capping" is naturally the term there for conferring the degree.

When you visit the University of Salamanca and in the old cathedral see the little chapel where degrees used to be conferred you will remember the Spanish program of conferring a doctor's degree, which required three days. On the first day the candidate announced and defended his theses, after having provided sweetmeats for all those who honored him by their presence at his disputation. The next day the onlookers were more numerous and the cost of sweetmeats must have been greater, for on the second day the serious disputation was subjected to mockery. On the third day there was a bull fight—an academic committee having selected three bulls at the expense of the candidate. In 1600 at Oxford a disputation by a candidate was on this subject: *"Uxor perversa humanitati potius quam asperitati sanetur;"* "Whether a shrew is better cured by kindness or by severity." On this occasion the candidate proved the opposite of the position taken by the author of "The Taming of the Shrew." Disputations continued in American college commencements until fairly recent times and in some places may still be found as Latin salutatories or valedictories. When Charles W. Eliot received his baccalaureate degree July 20, 1853, there were forty-four orations, essays, poems and dissertations with five musical interludes. Mrs. J. B. Foraker, wife of the well known senator from Ohio in her autobiography "I Would Live It Again" describes the order of exercises at her college commencement in 1868. There were twenty-one essays interspersed with musical numbers "mostly polkas arranged for four hands." The last essay on this occasion was entitled: "Who are waiting for us?" In these twentieth century days it takes only one commencement address to reduce an audience to the state in which that one of 1868 must have found itself.

But why, we still may ask, why *commencement?*

Mr. Fowler, whose delightful book on English usage is known to you, says that writers who prefer "ere" and "save" rather than "before" and "except" may be expected to prefer "commencement" to "beginning" in all concepts. But that leads us only to the query: Why *beginning?* The New English Dictionary, the greatest one in the world, describes the

action of taking the full degree of Master or Doctor, especially at Cambridge, Dublin and the American universities, the great ceremony when these degrees are conferred at the end of the academical year, as commencement. That recognizes the fact but still we ask: why *commencement?* In Harrison's *England* (II., iii. 175, 1587) we read: "In Oxford this solemnitie is called an *Act* but in Cambridge they use the French word Commencement." This gives us an understanding of why American colleges use the Cambridge term rather than the Oxford one. All our colleges have derived their four-year course and many other academic ideas from the oldest American college—Harvard. Harvard received its organization and many of its terms from Cambridge because John Harvard was a member of Emanuel College, Cambridge, and Cambridge received many of its methods and words from the University of Paris. Mary Baldwin College is thus linked directly with Medieval Paris.

Commencement then, or inception, according to the dictionaries, is the act of entering upon some undertaking, process, or stage of existence. Inception is the formal entrance upon the functions of a duly licensed teacher or recognition as such by brothers in the profession. Here we are, then, back in the Middle Ages receiving a license to teach—*jus ubique docendi*—with the title of magister—doctor—or professor, at that time all were the same. We are entering a kind of guild with grades of apprentice, assistant, and master. The undergraduate looks forward to his *gradus* as bachelor as the apprentice did to his assistantship; the bachelor looks forward to a mastership as an assistant did in the medieval guild. As each individual ascended the ladder of knowledge and skill his fellows rejoiced with him in banquets and other forms of celebration. There was less thought of the period ended than there was of the one just beginning. Many, many years later Oliver Wendell Holmes expressed the idea: "'Commencement day' reminds me of the start of the Derby." This general feeling is known to all of us who have experienced a commencement day—and who has not? Indeed we can sympathize with the two young men in E. F. Benson's delectable college novel, "David of King's."

"Once upon a time," Frank said, "there was a little boy just going to a private school. His father told him that he wasn't a child any more but was entering on his boyhood, which was the seed time of life. So he went to his private school. Three years later he went to a public school, and his father told him that he wasn't a little boy any longer, and that these were the years in which character was formed. All sorts of temptations would now assail him, and life was beginning to open for him. When he went to the University his father told him that he was going out into the world at last. All the years that had passed were only a preparation for the life which, as before, was just opening for him. When he left Cambridge, his father told him that he was in *statu pupillari* no longer, and instead of being sheltered and looked after as he had always been, he was going to begin to fight life's battles. When he was engaged to be married his father told him that he was now entering on manhood with all its sacred responsibilities and duties. Life was at last opening in front of him. And when at the age of 87 he lay dying, the parson knelt by his bedside and said: 'Dear

friend, this world is only the dream, the probation, the prelude. Now you are called to enter the true life, and through the gate of death you will begin really to live!' The man gave a hollow groan and muttered 'Good Lord, haven't I begun yet?' Then he died in inconceivable agony and went straight to hell."

"David summed it all up in his words: 'I see what you mean; the best thing to do is just to go ahead and not mind whether you've finished or haven't yet begun'."

In view of the indubitable fact that in our academic convention commencement addresses have resolved themselves into the kind of thing just described, I do not have the insensitive effrontery to make one to you.

Only on behalf of those who have preceded you, especially the alumnæ of your own college, I welcome you to the company of scholars.

Always there is some danger as one passes from grade to grade that there will be disappointment. Stephen Gwynn in his "Experiences of a Literary Man" says that he found at Oxford a young man from a great public school who was sadly disappointed in his college. "But after the sixth form at Winchester," the youth said, "I suppose one must expect to be disappointed for the rest of one's life." Undoubtedly you have lived here a pleasant four years. But however delightful it has been I trust that each succeeding four years will be happier still. You will find yourselves in strange new conditions, but as educated women you should, as Plato puts it, be no stranger in situations strange to you. With confidence you can greet each commencement with the enthusiasm of Miranda: "O brave new world, that has such people in it."

European visitors to American universities and colleges have observed an American custom unknown to the institutions of continental Europe. In his book of reminiscences, David Starr Jordan tells of a central European student who was surprised at the American concept of a university as an Alma Mater for which one might have genuine feeling of loyalty. This man asserted that he had no more affection for his university than for a post office or a railway station because it was a government institution. The generosity of loyal alumnæ in the upbuilding of an institution of higher education is practically unknown in continental Europe, and very much less usual in Great Britain than in the United States. We have an American academic tradition of loyalty to our colleges of which we may be proud. At commencement each American graduate gladly recognizes continuing obligations to his college. I am sure that at this Commencement you who are joining the ranks of alumnæ of this institution joyfully promise your loyalty to the well-being of Mary Baldwin College. *Vivat; floreat.*

CONTEMPORARY SOCIAL TRENDS IN AMERICA

By Thomas Hancock Grafton

CONTEMPORARY social trends! Time was when such a theme was developed on the basis of personal opinion, more or less enlightened. Objective data were scarce, and one was more likely to convince his readers or hearers by oratory than by appeal to fact. We still lack information on many vital matters, but valuable researches are multiplying, and evidence is accumulating. One of the most ambitious of modern studies was that undertaken by a scholarly committee appointed by Mr. Herbert Hoover while he was President of the United States, and published in 1933 under the title, *Recent Social Trends*. The writer is under heavy debt to the work of this committee in the following résumé.

Out of the many topics that might be discussed we shall lift out for a cursory investigation: health and vitality, the family, education, and religion. Interesting tendencies are to be noted in these areas.

The expectation of life has increased by nearly a quarter of a century since the beginnings of the American republic. To make it more concrete, a baby girl born in Massachusetts in 1789—the year that Washington became President—could look forward on the basis of averages to a life thirty-six and a half years long. But a baby girl born in the same state in 1930 could, if she were an average child, expect to live 61.36 years. Approximately an equal number of years has been added to the life of the average male, although both in 1789 and in 1930 his expectation of life lagged behind that of his sister by two or three years.

This remarkable increase in the expectation of life may be traced to several obvious factors. One is the rise of sanitation, which has made possible the concentration of population in the great urban centers. Another is the growing reliance on preventive medicine. Certain ancient scourges have been well-nigh eliminated. Yellow fever is almost unknown today, though it cost the country a hundred million dollars in 1878. Smallpox is no longer dreaded as it was at one time. Within the past thirty years, the number of cases of typhoid fever and diphtheria have declined to one-eighth. Bubonic plague, the destroyer of nations in the Middle Ages, is little more in our country than a disagreeable reference in a history text dealing with the long ago. There are marked declines in the number afflicted by cholera, typhus, and other diseases. Humanity has marched a long way since Pasteur first expounded his germ theory of disease, and Pasteur died only forty years ago.

The growth of health agencies, public and private, has contributed not a little to the average length of life. The number of hospitals in the United States in 1931 was more than forty-four times the number in 1873, while the number of hospital beds increased twenty-eight

fold. Health education is given much emphasis today in the public schools, some of which have nurses and even physicians and dentists on the staff. We have seen the beginnings of the attempt to socialize medicine by placing it within the reach of all. A large number of New York hospitals recently offered to provide necessary hospitalization for all who will pay three cents a day to insure themselves against sickness. Another trend worthy of notice is to be found in the increase of community health centers, more than 1,000 of which now exist, which aim to co-ordinate health services and prevent unnecessary expense, overlapping of services, and duplication of effort.

While the mortality from certain diseases has been markedly reduced, statistics show more deaths than formerly from other diseases. Some of these are the diseases of older people who doubtless succumbed earlier in life in days gone by to other diseases. There appears to be a growing mortality rate in cancer, diabetes, heart ailments, cerebral hemorrhage, and accidents. Undoubtedly our American way of life is in some way related to these facts. On the whole, fewer young people and more older people are numbered today among the dying.

With regard to the family, the first thing to be noted is its decrease in size. The American family has declined by about one-fourth since Revolutionary days. This decline is more marked in cities than in rural districts, and in metropolitan areas more than in the smaller cities. Again, the size of the American dwelling has contracted by one room in the past half-century. Along with these reductions in the size of family and home may be noted the passing of many of the institutional functions of the family. The family is no longer the economic unit that it once was. We are no longer spinning and weaving in the home, making shoes, manufacturing soap and candles, or doing the thousand and one other things that entered into the activities of our not so remote ancestors. Only one family out of a hundred in the American city bakes its own bread, and only one out of three in rural districts. Remarkable growth since the Great War is reported in the industries of canning and preserving, baking, laundering, cleaning and pressing. The economic phase of the game of life is being played to an increasing extent outside the home. On the other hand, development of electric appliances and other household conveniences may tempt the housewife back to old tasks attended to in new ways.

The first American families were educational institutions. But today this function of education has been largely turned over to the public school. Likewise gone or going is the protective function. Our police system, our insurance schemes, our institutions for the unfortunate, are all relieving the American family of this ancient burden of caring for the life, property, and economic security of its members. Religious education in the family is on the wane. Family prayers are reported to be no longer a commonplace as they were once. And the family's responsibilities for providing recreation are being turned over to the playground, the movie, the dance-hall, and other agencies which may be welcomed or feared by the great number of parents.

As one phase of life after another has deserted the home, the women who

traditionally constituted the home have shown a tendency to follow. The growing participation of women in industry has caused alarm in some places as in Germany which is trying to send the women back to the home and thus reduce the competition for jobs. But the American woman is not so willing as the German to surrender the new economic freedom of which she has had a taste. Today one-half of all single women are gainfully employed, and one-ninth of all married women. The proportion of married women in industry is increasing more rapidly than is the case with single women. Women form a larger percentage of our nation's industrial force than in former years, rising from 14.5 per cent of all gainfully employed in 1880 to 21.9 per cent in 1930. An analysis by occupations shows that there has been a considerable decline in the proportion of women employed in agriculture and personal service, and a notable increase in the proportion found in the professions, clerical work, trades and transportational industries, while the proportion in manufacturing has remained stationary.

The legal emancipation of women has followed the economic. However, much remains to be desired. As late as 1930, the laws of nine states did not allow the wife equal property rights with her husband, and in nine states the husband's guardianship rights were not shared by the wife. In one state, the father can still will away from the mother the custody of a child.

The emancipation of woman legally and economically, the growing liberalism, and the relaxation of religious controls have probably all borne a causal relationship to the mounting divorce rate. On an average, the divorce rate for any year since 1880 has been about three per cent above the rate for the year previous. There has been a halt in divorce proceedings since the depression. One must be wary, however, of accounting for increased divorce on the ground of increased marital unhappiness. The vast majority of women report a happy married life. It has been said that the American is romantic above the average and has a high ideal of what married life should be. This high ideal may in itself be a factor in promoting divorce.

The American family, shorn of many of its ancient functions, is by no means to be scrapped. There is a new appreciation of what may be called the personality functions of the family. It is the home which meets man's needs for the response of affection which modern psychology recognizes as fundamental in a life adjustment. It is the home that gives us our status in the social environment, and the home which stamps upon us the basic attitudes and ideals and which builds within us the habit systems which later life can hardly uproot. In the reorganization of society there is need to facilitate the functioning of the home in these most important of all its historical tasks.

In the field of education, the most conspicuous trend has been the expansion of educational opportunity. This has been both horizontal and vertical. More pupils are enrolled at each developmental level, and the number of years of schooling at public expense is being increased. In the past thirty years, the number of high school pupils has been multiplied by more than seven, while the number of college and university students has grown four-fold. There has been noted a growing tendency to establish public junior colleges, of which 181 were reported in 1932. Elementary schools

have likewise grown apace. Furthermore, the school term has been lengthened by from five to six weeks.

Efforts have been made to improve the quality of education as well as the amount and teacher-training institutions have reported a phenomenal growth. Coupled with this effort to better teaching has come what might be termed the socialization of educational objectives. The old classical curriculum is being displaced for many American schoolchildren by a curriculum which trains for the kind of life they must lead after school days are over. Over a twenty-three year period in certain representative high schools, the number of courses in industrial arts were increased by 700 per cent, while the number of courses in the domestic arts were increased by 500 per cent. The trend is definitely away from the traditional curriculum with its cultural otherworldliness toward a concept of education as a resource by which people may be better fitted to adjust to the life that brings the greatest number of worthy satisfactions.

The emergence of a science of education may today be regarded as a fact, and graduate courses in education are largely given over to a survey of experimental studies which are far too numerous for any one individual adequately to cover. Tested procedures and sounder theories may be expected as the outcome of all this research. But theory is far ahead of practice, and at least one prominent educator has raised a question about "research racing the engine".

Perhaps the most burning question confronting educational philosophers is this: Is education henceforth to conserve or pioneer? Is it to teach the social conventions currently accepted and thus make for a conservative society, or is it to lead youth to the frontiers of social living and encourage them to push forward with the scientific attitude and the resolute heart into the Promised Land of a new social order embodying a new social justice and ethic? This is the question which divides our nation's leaders, and time will tell which group will come to represent the center of dominance in socio-educational philosophy.

Changes have been long observed as taking place in the field of religion. The higher criticism of the Bible has resulted for many in a lessening regard for authority, while the teachings of Bentham and the pragmatists, Dewey and James, have given respectability to the utilitarian approach. Men are inclining today to approach religion with the question, What will it do for me? This is in contrast to the older approach, which sought to answer the other question, What is God's will for me?

A trend that is welcomed by most religious leaders has been the new social emphasis. It is becoming more and more inconceivable that men should think of their relationship to God as having nothing to do with their responsibilities to men. So it is that religion is entering the fields of economics and politics and recreation and the like with the determination to mold all experience after the divine likeness. A social order embodying the ideal of universal brotherhood appears to be a goal that beckons ever more imperatively to religious people. No one, of course, thinks of this social emphasis as a brand-new thing, for it was clearly presented by the Old Testament prophets and Jesus, but for long it was not taken seriously by those professing to follow in the footsteps of these acknowledged authorities.

A growing concept of God and of the divine activity seems to be another phenomenon of our times. Some of the great scientists, particularly in the field of physics, are writing of the religious significance of their discoveries and the theories arising out of them. God is no longer divorced from nature but is seen as working in and through nature. Natural laws are seen as the short-hand accounts of the ways in which God is achieving the eternal purposes.

The application of scientific method to religious problems has been attempted here and there with more or less success. There is a respectable body of data in the fields of the psychology and sociology of religion, and in religious education, and there is every evidence that tested data will be more and more at a premium in any study of religious experience and in any reconstruction of the philosophy of religion.

Psychologists of religion have had much to say about individual differences —enough perhaps to weaken the hands of certain enthusiasts who would bring all Christians into one united church with a standardized brand of religious experience. It is now recognized that all men are not stirred by the same types of appeal. From this point of view, one might predict for the future a greater number of denominations rather than a lessening number of church groupings.

But that would be to ignore another prominent tendency, which is the growing unity on essentials. Men are coming to realize that the forces which unite the different churches are greater than the forces that divide them. Hence the development of the Federal Council of Churches, of the International Council of Religious Education, and of other organizations and movements which unite the resources and the hopes and dreams of all varieties of Christian people.

It is most emphatically an age of change in which we live, and intelligent people should make themselves informed on the matters which the phenomena we have mentioned suggest.

THE UNITED STATES AND LATIN-AMERICA

KARL EASTMAN SHEDD

TODAY the eyes of our citizens are turning with greater interest than ever before to our sister republics in Latin-America. But Latin-America holds a varied significance for many of us. To the majority of Americans, and by Americans I mean the citizens of the United States, the term Latin-America means little. To some it is the name of a far-off foreign soil; to others it means a very near neighbor; in general it has meant lands to the south of the United States in which the inhabitants were thought to be half-civilized, far beneath the standards of living as found here. At least these are the thoughts that existed in the minds of many until very recent times. With the coming of the radio and the aeroplane, these countries and their people have been brought much closer to us, and our thoughts are turning to the necessity of studying and knowing them better.

Interest is growing, but before we know and understand these nations we must go back to the fundamentals of geography and history. Only by a study of these elements can we gain a full understanding of the problems the people of Latin-America have faced and are now facing, together with the problems that the United States is facing in relation to them. At the risk of appearing elemental I am going to offer a few facts to the reader.

Few North Americans realize the number and size of the Latin-American countries. Should the question be asked of a group of fifty or more Americans as to how many countries there are to the south of us, there would be almost as many answers as there were people present. There are twenty Latin-American republics, ten to the north of the Isthmus of Panama and ten to the south. Of these, nine to the north and nine to the south are Spanish-American, that is, countries in which the official language is Spanish. One to the north, Haiti, is French, and one to the south is Portuguese, Brazil. All of these countries are republican in form of government, though Brazil did not become a republic until 1890, Cuba not until 1901 and Panama not until 1904. The first to declare itself independent from its mother country was Venezuela in 1810, but it was between the years of 1816 and 1825 that these countries really became independent.

The early problems were in a way similar to those which we faced, in that they, too, were attempting to free themselves from unjust taxation and limitation of trade possibilities. They have been torn by internal strife from time to time, but throughout their difficulties, they have kept ever before them their ideals of freedom of government, and have developed their interests, economic, social and international, along the lines of the United States and France, the two countries that served them as models.

They are countries of a mixed population, the European strain consisting to an overwhelming degree of immigrants from the southern parts of Europe, thus

providing a population with a background quite opposed to that which served as a basis for our own people. The early settlers also intermarried with the natives, producing a second problem quite different from that in our country where intermarriage was practically unknown. The result of this intermarriage and the decree of the Spanish government closing public office to the children of these marriages has had much to do with the internal unrest in the early days. A third characteristic in which the Latin-American nations differed from us was the religious character of the people. Where the peoples of Latin-America were definitely Roman Catholic in faith, and were dominated by the clergy, our forefathers were just as definitely free in their religious life. In fact this desire for freedom in manner of worship was the fundamental reason for the settlement of many parts of our country. It is this last characteristic of the Latin-American nations that is at the base of the present difficulties between the government and the church in Mexico.

Geographical situation of the early Spanish settlements and that of the English and French settlements was such that in the earlier days there was little intercourse or little interest between them. The distances were so great that one did not interfere with the other, and the areas of colonization were so great that each group was satisfied with what it had at hand.

So, with the exception of a few fishermen and some traders engaged in the rum and slave traffic with the West Indies, little interest was aroused in our southern neighbors. The western coast of South America could be reached only by the long journey through the Straits of Magellan or around the Horn. Buenos Aires was more than twice the distance to some European ports. It was only natural that the interest of our colonists should turn more readily to Europe than to the south.

However, after the war of 1812, when we had become somewhat settled as to our internal problems, we were forced to think more of our policies toward the outside world. At this time the new Latin-American republics were asking recognition, and we had to make some declaration of our attitude toward them and toward European nations.

It was then after much deliberation by President Monroe and his cabinet, especially John Quincy Adams, that the president, in December of 1823, in a message to the Congress, gave forth the famous message, since known as the Monroe Doctrine. This declaration was aimed, at that time, at protecting ourselves. Probably President Monroe had little thought of its becoming the basis of our future international policy. It was due primarily to the Latin-American situation that it was first offered. We can see clearly, therefore, the importance Latin-America has had, and always will have, in our foreign policy.

The doctrine as outlined by President Monroe reasserted what Washington had stated, namely, that the United States should keep free from entangling alliances with European nations. But it added to this assertion that European nations should not interfere with problems of countries in this hemisphere, and stated that this hemisphere was no longer open to colonization on the part of any European nation. It did not affect colonies already established, but it did forbid any extension of these. Since its declaration, the Monroe Doctrine has been referred to in cases involving each

of these assertions, in the case of Maximilian with Mexico, in the Venezuela-British Guiana boundary dispute, in the occupation by our troops of the Dominican Republic, etc.

There were many supporters of the Doctrine from the beginning. Henry Clay had long urged such a declaration, Thomas Jefferson proclaimed it our most momentous decision since the Declaration of Independence, England had long desired it, Canning even considering himself as the originator of it, and some Latin-American nations asserted that they owed more to England than to the United States in this matter. Many of these countries hailed the declaration with great favor, as it provided them a real protection when they most needed it.

The policy was never sanctioned by Congress, nor did it become a law, nor does it form a part of International Law, but it has become so much a part of our national policy that it is rooted in the heart of Americans and forms a permanent part of our foreign policy.

In upholding our position as stated by the doctrine, we have at times incurred the hatred and distrust of the South and Central American countries. Our intervention in the political and financial affairs of Central American countries, our attitude and action toward Cuba at various times, have been questioned. But in most cases, intervention of the United States has been forced by the danger of European intervention, had we not taken the first step.

While the Doctrine was proclaimed primarily for our own personal safety, it has served in most cases as a support for the Latin-American countries, and if we of the North and they of the South could understand each other more fully, they would have no reason to fear our infringment on their rights and territories.

One result of the declaration has been the development of Pan-Americanism, the best definition of which seems to me to be a union for the purpose of developing and promoting a closer social, economic, financial and political relation among the twenty one countries of the three Americas.

Simón Bolivar, the liberator of South America, was the first to suggest such a union, when, in 1826, he called for a meeting of representatives of the various nations in the Panama Congress. The United States felt that such a congress would expect a declaration on their part of protection for the other nations of this hemisphere, and so delayed the appointment of delegates that they arrived too late to take part in the deliberations. However, since 1889 there have been several such conferences in which we have taken our full part.

There are always elements, financial and otherwise, which demand interference on the part of our government in the internal affairs of our neighboring countries. At times the government has felt itself obligated to such moves. So, at times, the Latin-American nations have questioned, and quite rightfully so, our application of the Monroe Doctrine. But on the whole, our policy has been that of a friendly neighbor. Recently, we have tried to convince them, more and more, of our true friendship. The withdrawal of our troops from Nicaragua, the Dominican Republic and Haiti, the recent hands-off policy with regard to Cuba, our abandonment of the Platt Amendment, the refusal of our state department to interfere in the religious difficulties of Mexico today, and the efforts of President Roosevelt and Secre-

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tary Hull to further the good feeling now existent are all establishing a better and keener understanding.

There are at least three situations at the present time in relation to Latin-American problems in which we must proceed with caution. So far our procedure has been so. One is the Cuban situation. The Cuban question has long been of great importance. No action of the United States has been watched more carefully by the nations to the south. We were early forced to make clear to the European nations that we could not allow any nation other than Spain to gain control of the island. At times the Federal Government has been forced to overcome the desires of some of our own people to control Cuba for various reasons. But since the Spanish-American War we have generally acted in such a way as to avoid arousing the other nations of this hemisphere. We have not wished, nor do we wish to antagonize them. In the present situation a committee has carefully surveyed the field and has reported as to what it considers our best approach. In the *New Cuba,* their opinions and suggestions are plainly and clearly outlined. That our government did wisely in keeping the army out of the recent strife, there is no question. But as to the wisdom of the continual presence of our warships in Cuban waters, and the part which our ambassadors and special representatives have had in the setting up of new governments, there is some doubt. We must leave it to the Cubans themselves to settle these internal disturbances, showing them and the other Latin-American countries that we have faith in their ability to do so. It seems to me that the suggestion of the committee that the United States should give up the naval base at Guantánamo would go a long way toward assuring the Latin-Americans of our friendly feeling toward them.

Mexico has probably been the greatest hindrance to a complete understanding between the Latin nations and us. Up to the time of the war with Mexico relations had been most friendly and the Spanish-American nations had looked upon us with favor. But the taking of Texas, and the waging of war cost us a great deal. It was not for years after that mistake that we were able to overcome the cry of imperialism. As yet we have not completely overcome that feeling on the part of many South and Central Americans. Many have been the literary men who have raised this cry against us. Among the most eloquent have been Rufino Blanco Fombona of Venezuela, Manuel Ugarte of Uruguay, José Enrique Rodó of Uruguay, and Rubén Darío, who gave us the title of the *Colossus of the North.* Fortunately, he later, at the Pan American conference in Rio de Janeiro, showed himself much more friendly toward us.

Our present attitude toward Mexico will prove probably to be the best and wisest of all our policies toward that country. Our State Department has declared a policy of hands-off in relation to the religious controversy that is raging in Mexico, considering that question a purely internal one and one in which we have no right to enter.

The third situation is that of the dispute between Bolivia and Paraguay as to the correct boundary in the Gran Chaco district. This is a dispute of long standing, and our offer to take part in its mediation can be of great value, if our business interests which have been accused of abetting this struggle will give up their efforts. The recent ruling of President Roosevelt forbidding the sale of arms and ammunitions to the belliger-

ents should be of great help in bringing about peace.

There are other problems which are of great importance, such as the question of a canal through Nicaragua. The Panama canal will be unable shortly to handle the traffic. Therefore engineers are already working on the Nicaragua route, concessions for which the United States government has held from the Republic of Nicaragua for a long time. The necessity of protecting our concessions in that country have been partly the reason for our interest and intervention there. The withdrawal of our marines, as promised, has been of great help in conciliating the countries of Central America.

Other signs are pointing to a better understanding of our mutual problems and the establishment of special trade agreements with the various countries is a big step forward. The greatest problem of all is this increase of understanding. It can be accomplished. Education is the best method. The more knowledge of the languages, customs, history and ideals of each nation we can spread among our citizens, the better we shall understand each other.

As President Roosevelt expressed it in his speech in honor of Pan-American day, April 14, 1933, "The essential qualities of a true Pan-Americanism must be the same as those which constitute a good neighbor, namely, mutual understanding, and through such understanding, a sympathetic appreciation of the other's point of view. It is only in this manner that we can hope to build up a system of which confidence, friendship and goodwill are the cornerstone."

Many of our leaders have expressed the same idea. Such men as Elihu Root, Chief-Justice Hughes, former presidents Taft and Wilson, have all done their part in encouraging the growth of understanding among the nations of this hemisphere, but true understanding cannot be attained, nor can our problems be settled until a far larger number of our private citizens realize the need for more study of the other peoples, their language, their customs, their history etc.

My hope is that I may have stirred within my readers a spark of interest which will be fanned into a flame with which to kindle in others the thought of the importance of this friendship toward our sister republics in Latin-America.

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HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS OF PALESTINE

Mary E. Lakenan

HIGHWAYS, it is true, carry one to the most essential places in the land, but byways have a charm and a significance all their own, and those who spend much time in them have a certain pride of achievement which traveling the highways alone never gives. The residents of the country regard strangers with discrimination: *tourists,* one learns, always travel the highways, but those who have the leisure and the inclination to follow byways are thought of in the category of *travelers.*

One may ask just what constitutes the essential difference between the highway and the byway. The strange thing is that the highway may under certain circumstances become a byway! It remains a highway if visited under conventional auspices, the traditional guide telling one what to see and the interpretation thereof. The very same route may constitute a byway if traveled alone or at an unusual time of the day or year, or under any conditions which render the doing of it an adventure with a decided element of the unknown. In short, what is in any sense off the much trodden path of the usual may be called a byway.

Those who wish, as our party of three did, to travel the byways of Palestine will do well to let their own dreams and wishes be their guides rather than trust too implicitly to professional tourist advisers, who are apt to eliminate many of the most desirable expeditions because of heat or poor roads. One should resolve to take a certain amount of discomfort for granted—it will not be unendurable—and the price paid will seem small in comparison with the immense amount of satisfaction that will always remain in memory.

WOMEN OF THE BYWAYS

EVERYWHERE along the byways of Palestine we are aware that the women of the land are the especially "heavy laden". Now we see a man riding on a donkey while his wife trudges along in the dust and heat behind him. In the field one may see a woman yoked with an ox or a donkey dragging a plow. In excavation work it is the women who toil up and down the steep incline, encumbered by their long robes, carrying on their heads the heavy baskets of earth which the men have filled. Always it is the women who bear the heavy vessels of water on their heads for unbelievable distances. No wonder they are economical in the use of it!

In spite of their erect posture which the constant poising of heavy burdens on their heads necessitates, the women one sees on roads and in villages are a bedraggled and woebegone looking lot. One wonders if they are ever glad to be alive. And one marvels that any woman who enjoys the privileges and opportunities which the influence of Christ gave to womanhood could ever think of being other than an enthusiastic follower of Him. The Mohammedan Allah might seem to be quite a satisfactory God for

the men. They are distinctly aware of being the lords of creation. With easy grace they salute the passer-by with genial friendliness; one feels that they love life. Though cleanliness is not a cardinal virtue among these people, the men are much better groomed than the women. Even in Bedouin villages one often sees men with snowy head-gear and clean robes, whereas the average woman in the same camp looks as if her heavily embroidered garments are an unwashed heritage from bygone generations. Whatever charms they may possess, the Bedouin women hide from western eyes behind dirt, eye paint and elaborate tattoo designs. Of course exposure, toil and constant child-bearing age them prematurely.

Girlhood is pathetically short. In fact, child marriage is a real curse in the land. We are told that the mother of one of the high Moslem officials in Jerusalem is only ten years older than her son. One of the greatest services rendered by various Christian organizations in Palestine is the provision of schools where girls may be taught hand crafts and so become sufficiently self-supporting to be spared from forced premature marriages.

One is consumed with curiosity to see behind the veils of the women of the better class on the streets of Jerusalem. Very trim and neat some of them look, with skirts of modish length and feet fashionably shod. That these ladies have the highest regard for what is correct and womanly we learn from sad experience. We have been told that the people of Jerusalem are so accustomed to western ways that "knickers" would not create a scandal. Therefore we are entirely unprepared for the reception we meet when we descend from our carriage in the Kedron Valley arrayed in the only appropriate garb for wading through Hezekiah's Tunnel, in hip boots. A group of eminently respectable Moslem ladies are unfortunately taking a walk along that very road. Lifting hands of holy horror, they point the fingers of scorn in our very faces and vehemently gesticulate and ejaculate their utter and absolute contempt of our shameless conduct. For once we rejoice that we do not understand Arabic. Surely the things they are saying would completely slaughter any small vestige of self-respect that might survive. After we pass on, they stand in the road, noisily discussing the scandal.

Another day we are riding donkey-back along the road to Jerusalem in single file. The member in the rear gets the complete sequence of popular reactions to our appearance. At first glance the people we meet take it for granted that all three of us are men. When we get opposite them, the idea begins to dawn that two of us are women. Looking back we see their scandalized expressions and gestures, and nothing could speak more clearly of the great gulf still yawning between East and West, however much we may hope that Kipling is wrong and that the twain may meet on common ground of understanding where neither will be scandalized.

CHILDREN OF THE BYWAYS

ALL the byways of Palestine are rather thickly peopled with children, and the religion of a village or district can be quite accurately determined by the degree of cleanliness and mannerliness evident. The Christian quarter of Damascus and the village of Nazareth stand out especially for the beauty and

politeness of their childhood. At the opposite pole are the young inhabitants of the village of Siloam, just across the Kedron Valley from Jerusalem. One's presence there is immediately challenged with a pertness that would do East Side New York credit; the inevitable "baksheesh" is not asked, but demanded; finally, the small change not forth-coming, the visitor is given the never-to-be-forgotten Biblical experience of stones cast at him. And when the intruder leaves the borders of that village, mentally, at least, "shaking off the dust of his feet against them", it is to the accompaniment of rather resentful and defiant screeches and yells which continue until he is out of sight.

During visits to small, out-of-the-way villages, it is usually only the child-population of which one is aware. The men are out in the fields and pastures; the women remain indoors; but the children and dogs are out in full force, (and nowhere are dogs more vociferous!) The boys are for the most part forward; some little girls hang back shyly, but all are consumed by curiosity. On a hot July day in Samaria the chief sight in the modern village is the rather unsatisfactory substitute for the "old swimmin' hole" in the very center of town—long narrow watering troughs where the small boys, entirely innocent of bathing suits and completely unabashed by spectators, disport themselves. The little girls modestly exercise their very limited feminine prerogatives and dip their "pigtails" in the water, letting the delicious coolness run down their necks and over their abundant array of garments.

In Anathoth, Jeremiah's village, three miles from Jerusalem, the approach of strangers can be seen afar off, and we find a reception committee of eighteen young citizens all lined up. This number constantly increases until we finally count thirty-five who act as guides and speed the parting guest. Jolly little beggers they are, full of fun and responsiveness. Some simple little tricks and jokes meet with spontaneous glee and cause them to feel so intimate with their new friends that they try to drag their gloves off and to force their way into pockets. Very opportunely arrive the men of the village, riding donkey-back home from their fields. At their stern looks the children simply melt away and are seen by us no more.

Most of the lime and lemon drops presented by a solicitous friend to relieve our thirst find a worthy use as tokens of good will to the youngsters. Two or three rolls serve as a substitute for "baksheesh" for the whole child population of a village. Often they do not know what the little round disks are for and have to be shown, expressing the curious new sensation by surprising grimaces.

In Old Jerusalem one is besieged by the small people everywhere; always they ask for money—sometimes with a great deal of good humor, and if one takes it as a joke, laughs and says "mafish" (none,) or "malfish," (never mind) many are apt to let it go at that. It seems to be a matter of principle always to say "baksheesh" with the hope that it may work sometimes. One small girl says frankly that she wants it to spend for sweets. There are whining little girls who attach themselves like burrs and plaintively repeat the inevitable word over and over. Two of them watch while we change the camera film in the shade of the Mosque el Aksa. We give them the lead-foil container; they murmur, "baksheesh"; we give them a lime drop apiece; their only acknowledgment

was "baksheesh"; "No baksheesh", we say firmly; "baksheesh" they insist. That very day we meet the identical two on the opposite side of the city.

There is a twelve-year old boy whom we invariably meet down in the heart of the city, "the ubiquitous boy" we come to call him—"Ubi" for short. He is always hoping to render some service worthy of a fee, and finds it beyond his comprehension that one might like just to wander about the streets with no especial goal, not always wishing to be shown the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. He spends much time trying to guess which hostel is our abode. He is studying to be a guide, he says, though he suggestively expresses doubt as to its being a remunerative occupation. At present he has charge of opening one of the gates into the Temple Area about three-thirty every morning. Being a devout Moslem, he seems to take keen delight in keeping one constantly informed as to what one may and may not do about entering the sacred area.

A teen-age lad whose services we accept to guide us to the top of a building from which we may take pictures of the city roofs scorns our modest but suitable fee, throws it on the ground and exclaims, "An American doctor gave me a dollar for that". He goes on with contemptuous remarks about "these rich Americans" with Scotch instincts. However we note that he picks up the despised coin when he thinks we are not looking.

One little girl is evidently being trained as a professional beggar. One hears her call from a distance, "Sister, O sister!" When she has caught up she goes on with her appeal: "We are poor, Sister, won't you help us?" and so on with an enumeration of needs and woes.

Strangers are a rich source of amusement for many children. One day I hear gusts of laughter behind me, and then feel a sharp tug at a dangling bow adorning my sleeve. My costume is inexpressibly funny to three or four small people who are getting all sorts of thrills taking dares, slipping up and pulling at it. One small boy of scholarly tendencies walks with me several blocks for the opportunity of practicing his scanty stock of English words.

The saddest feature of Palestinian child-life is the ever-present dirt with its attendant evils—disease and flies. One is constantly moved to "shoo" the flies off small urchins' faces. To see the black swarms on a child's eyes and mouth is well-nigh unendurable. One of our party gets in a white heat one day because he has seen a mother lay her baby face downward in the dirt of the roadway without so much as putting a fold of her dress under it. One of the big thrills in Jerusalem is seeing the American Colony Baby Home just within the Damascus Gate—clean, well-cared-for babies with netting over their little beds. That array of little Fatimas and Mohammeds is an interesting sight. Most of them are motherless, but they are receiving a type of care of which their own mothers never dreamed. We amuse ourselves by guessing the ages of the babies, and invariably we over-estimate. Oriental children mature quickly, and this is evident even in babyhood. Most of the inmates of the Baby Home are small infants, but there is a charming little girl of a year and a half who may be adopted if the right family should want her. She is a "Tommy child"—one of the little tokens of British occupation. If no suitable home opens to her, she will become a member of the Colony.

Palestinian children become burden bearers early. At the Pool of Siloam one afternoon we watch a little girl of perhaps twelve years for at least half an hour. She has been sent for the family supply of water, and the four-gallon Standard Oil can on her head is almost full. But some of her friends are there, so she is in no haste to return home. As if unaware of the heavy weight poised on her head she stands, and walks around, engaged in animated conversation and even playing. Noting that she is being watched, she begins to show off, walking up and down hill, and climbing steep steps with the utmost ease.

Underneath all the dirt and the avarice is the ever-present charm of childhood. And when we observe that cleanliness is the *result* of Christianity and is not brought about in a day, we realize that in all probability, artists to the contrary, the little ones whom Jesus watched in the market places and took in His arms were "rag-tag" little children, dirty and with flies on their faces, and that still He had the insight and the faith in humanity to say, "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

THE FUNCTIONS OF RELIGION IN A CHANGING WORLD

Reverend Hunter B. Blakely

Heb. 12:27—"And this word, yet once more, signifieth the removing of those things that are shaken, as of things that have been made, that those things which are not shaken may remain."

TODAY is not yesterday. There was a man taking today for the yesterday of his youth, who in the leisurely manner of the time of horses and buggies crossed a street but was struck by a motor car. A passerby telephoned the hospital for the ambulance and spoke over the same wire the next moment to the surgeon, who while sitting in his own home had been listening to music brought swiftly and mysteriously to him on the wings of the air from another continent. In less than ten minutes the surgeon and patient were lifted to the emergency operating room on the fortieth floor of a skyscraper hospital, where soon that twentieth century eye, the X-Ray, disclosed that the man's skull was fatally crushed. By telegraph they reported the father's condition to one son in South America, who immediately started flying through the air to his father's funeral, and that same night the sad news was told to the other son who happened to be with Byrd at the South Pole. The man who confused yesterday with today was hurried to his grave in an automobile hearse, at the very hour King George was broadcasting to a million homes in every part of the British Empire and as they lowered the casket into the grave the mail plane for California passed overhead. To the most superficial observer it is quite evident that today is not yesterday.

All, except the ignorant and the most immature, know that we are living in a period of swift and unprecedented change. We have found much that was customary and familiar, things we took most surely for granted, crumbling and going out before our staring eyes. Things have happened and come into existence in the first third of the twentieth century faster than in any period of world history. In the world of science and invention we are farther removed from our great grandparents than they were from Moses and the Pharoahs. Aladdin and his magic lamp would not be able to keep up with our scientific progress. In this rapidly changing world many men and women are puzzled and uneasy. They have that helpless sick feeling humans and animals have when they are caught in some great earthquake, with the ground heaving and tossing about them.

The clear thinking writer of our text would remind that our age has not been the first time that men have found themselves caught in a period of mighty changes. The man who wrote the book of Hebrews found himself and his contemporaries in the midst of terrifying changes. It looked as if the very heavens and earth were shaking. Jerusalem had been laid in ashes by the Roman armies. The Jewish temple was gone. The social, economic, political, and religious world of that first century seemed to be breaking up. Like us, he felt sometimes as if chaos had overtaken him. Amid his changing world, he made two discoveries. First, it was not the first time that God

had had to shake the world. God had done it before; He was doing it then; and God would be forced again and again to shake the world to pieces to accomplish the plan of creation. The second discovery was that when God shook the earth there was a purpose in it. These great periods of turmoil were not purposeless; one could hear amid it all God's voice saying, "Yet once more will I make to tremble not the earth only, but also the heaven. And this word, yet once more, signifieth the removing of those things that are shaken, as of things that have been made, that those things which are not shaken may remain." When God shakes the world it is like a winter storm tearing away the dead wood, nature at her work of pruning, that in the spring time the useless and decayed parts may be gone so that life may burst forth unhindered. In a time of change there comes a shaking down of things that were never meant to be permanent; the customs, once immeasurably helpful, but now growing stale; the interpretations that once made things clear, but now hamper and hinder a new generation. It is a great accomplishment of a period of change that things which may be shaken are removed so that things which cannot be shaken may remain, no longer obscured by them, but free to grip new minds and hold new souls and rule new lives. Thank God for earthquakes sufficient to shatter the useless left-overs which hinder progress! No man has a right to turn his eyes backward, "Alas, alas", reads an old Babylonian inscription of six thousand years ago, "for the times now are not what they used to be." For which we reverently add, "Praise God."

We now ask, what is the function of religion in a changing world?

1. The Function of Religion in a changing world is to proclaim in no uncertain terms that some things cannot be shaken. The Christian religion can present some abiding truths. The fundamental needs of men do not change. Men are still born as always, grow to maturity as ever before, find old age coming upon them, and still even in the most modern world pass on to the grave. Along the way of life are still repeated sin and shame, tragedy and heartbreak, sickness and sorrow. Basic morality remains the same. We have new ways of committing our wickedness, but the same principles of right and wrong lie at the roots of human conduct. After all the Ten Commandments do not budge, and stealing still remaineth stealing. The human environment has greatly changed. We have transformed the world in which we live; but four hundred years ago Shakespeare presented in his plays the heart of man, and today there is no finer presentation of human weaknesses and failures, longings and hopes. Human nature is unchanged. It has today all the deep primary needs as when Jesus of Nazareth walked with the disciples in Palestine.

Through the years God moves to the accomplishment of his purposes, but God remains the same. Our knowledge of God may grow. Jesus revealed the heart of God in a way that Moses had only seen in the dimmest kind of fashion. Jesus as he walked among men was the perfect revelation of the heart of God, for when we looked in the face of Jesus we saw what God was like. We can learn more and more through the years about God as we look to Him through Jesus Christ. Every modern discovery of man is in its final analysis God's opening to the mind of man another of the secrets of creation. Like a wise parent, God has permitted men to draw

from the treasure chest of creation only those things for which man and his earth are yet ready. We will go on through the ages learning more and more of God's amazing wisdom in creation and providence. But all the great truths of God—His fatherhood, His personality, His mercy, forgiveness, love remain forever unchanging.

"Change and decay in all around I see,
O Thou who changest not abide with me."

For with the Psalmist we say:

"Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations.
Before the mountains were brought forth,
Or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world,
Even from everlasting to everlasting, Thou art God."

In a changing world the Christian religion can speak to man of God and God's ability to satisfy the deepest needs of the human heart. Augustine uttered an abiding truth fifteen hundred years ago when he said, "Our hearts are restless, until they find their rest in Thee." Our message to troubled hearts is that the unchanging God so loved the world with His abiding love that He sent His only begotten Son, Jesus, the ever living Lord, that whosoever in any age, believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life.

2. When religion has proclaimed the unchanging realities, then it should proceed to give life a meaning for men. In the midst of preparing this sermon I read the daily paper for Friday. It told the story of a man and woman who, living immorally, joined in a suicide pact. The man flung himself from the twelfth story of the hotel, but the woman failed to go. Questioned by the police, she said "We were both fed up on life. We were so worried by the horror of growing old, that we often discussed suicide,"—and this woman but twenty-nine years of age. How empty life must have been for these two poor wretches.

Now our Christian faith can give life a meaning. What is life? Jesus called it a trust from God, placed in our hands to use for God's glory. Life could be lived narrowly, selfishly, meanly, unhappily: but, according to Jesus, life could be lived in large dimension, unselfishly, sacrificially, heroically. Life grows stale on our hands, if at the center of it we put our own selves and then live merely to gratify our personal desires. A man's self is too little for any human being to center his heart on. But if at the center of life one will place God, the cause of right, truth, purity, peace, and the welfare of all mankind, then life is worth living. Christ set His cross forever in contrast with the selfish heart of man. Once he cried, "And I if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." The Christ upon His cross through all the years has been lifting men out of themselves, their selfishness, their littleness to reveal to them that living is worthwhile.

Life finds the larger way when Christ opens up the vista of eternity for us. "We were worried with the horror of growing old," said the woman of the sordid suicide pact. Why worry about such a thing as growing old with Christian faith opening up the adventures of eternity for us? We Christians have never believed that death ended all. Death in Christ becomes the great adventure into unknown realms of larger living. We look on death as if, like a Columbus, leaving some little island we call life here, we cross over to a mighty continent of everlasting life. Christian faith says, "Make the most of life here,

so that you may be prepared to make more of life forever." In Christ we meet fuller life, which is supremely worthwhile.

3. Religion in the third place should furnish the measuring rod by which to determine the value of all existing things in civilization.

A Christian can live, and live beautifully, even unto martyrdom, in any existing social order. When we find our social system shaken to pieces, sometimes we fear that our religion may perish with it. We identify too often Christ's kingdom with the existing social order. Christ lived under the Roman Empire: His church began under the Cæsars: it grew great as the empire crumbled: it existed during feudal days: it saw the rise of nationalism, capitalism and industrialism. What the future has in store we can only surmise, but Christian faith is not dependent upon the external form civilization may take.

"O where are kings and empires now
Of old that went and came?
But, Lord, Thy Church is praying yet,
A thousand years the same."

Whenever you think you see the ark of the Lord falling, you can be sure that it is due to a swimming in your own head.

Our Christian religion furnishes us the means of judging the value of our own civilization. I would suggest four tests from the teaching of Christ to apply to any civilization or part of a civilization.

(a) The first test is what does it do with human personality. Christ made individual personality a sacred thing. The least of men through Jesus became of infinite worth. Every person became sacred. There were left no worthless human beings after Christ died for them. They might be weaker brothers, but they were brothers for whom Christ died. The measure of a social order is what it does for individuals. (b) Again every social system must meet the test that men are to be brothers, not theoretical brotherhood, but real, so real that every injury done another, every injustice, every war stands indicted forever as wrong. (c) The third test of every social system is the activating motive of service. "The Son of man has not come into the world to be ministered unto but to minister and to give his life a ransom for many." The motive of service is revolutionary in human thinking. We have only barely begun to apply it to a system built for gain, personal advancement, selfish indulgence. (d) The final test is the right to abundant life for all God's children on this earth. While little children are hungry, cold, inadequately housed, diseased, human society stands indicted as not yet having discovered the way to God's will revealed in Jesus Christ. If to our civilization in this marvelous age of invention and discovery you apply these four principles from the teaching of Christ, you will see that to help in bringing in the kingdom of God to this world is one of the most adventurous projects which ever challenged youth.

4. In a changing world human beings need a motivating power. A transformation has swept over some countries in recent years. Men and women had no great loyalty in many lands. The individual had been left to think there was nothing beyond himself or above himself. He was not asked to be loyal to anybody save himself. What happened? Mankind, and especially youth, became irresponsible, bored, cynical, stretching out after things easily realized and bitterly disappointed that having attained them there was no real happiness.

Then there came the hour of the dictators, Lenin, Mussolini, Hitler. They said to young people, "By yourself you are nothing. Come into a larger life as part of the state, and be fulfilled. Have done with party and with religion, their tea parties and their committees. We have a new idea of life, embracing all creeds and all parties, one that dedicates itself to supreme sacrifice and to the resurrection of the nation's greatness." Along with these fine sounding words were mingled some of the deadliest prejudices and hatreds which had ever cursed the human race. But the call of the dictators to loyalty has set men marching by millions and transformed some lands to a new life.

But I submit today, loyalty to Lenin, Mussolini, Hitler, or any other dictator, or all dictators, is not great enough to motivate the living of mankind. The loyalties to these dictators conflict with one another. They are too little for the whole world. Their interests clash and, unless we can find a larger loyalty, again this world will echo with the march of men to battle.

But there is One, great enough to claim the hearts of all men and to motivate all to fuller living. God's Son, Jesus Christ our Lord, has a program great enough, demands a loyalty costly enough, is so universal in His appeal, that He can lift all of us above our little loyalties and unite our hearts in a supreme loyalty to himself. To whom can the world turn? To what president, dictator, emperor, except to Jesus Christ? "He that would come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me." "Where?" you ask Him? "To bring the will of God, my Father, into all human relationships," Jesus would reply. Then we answer:

"When I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride."

Not long ago a Japanese student remarked about Him—"The strange thing about Jesus is that you can never get away from Him."

MUSIC AND THE SCIENTIFIC AGE

Mary Fishburne

THE average person is apt to think that there is very little relation between music and science. However, the kind of music that is written today might be considered in part a result of the scientific spirit that is in the air of the twentieth century. Rhythm, melody, harmony, and tone color, the four elements that make up music, have been experimented upon in a way that calls forth admiration, amazement and consternation. Some of these experiments have resulted in good and some in bad, but unfortunately the public cannot look upon modern music and judge it dispassionately. They fail to see that experimentation is as legitimate in music as it is in anything else. They do not see that it may be an honest attempt to enrich our musical materials. No doubt there are some composers who deliberately write for notoriety, and who achieve their end by making their music as startling as possible. However, these are in the minority; and their music will die with them. We must believe that present day composers are as sincere and devoted as the composers of the past.

There is good modern music and there is bad, just as there are good and bad modern books. We must not allow ourselves to become too excited over it, or to condemn it all without trying to understand it. Strange to say, people who can look with tolerance and interest upon experiments in science become quite rabid over experiments in the arts, particularly in music. They fail to see that it is only a means to the end of enriching them, and judge each work according to nineteenth century standards. They long for a nineteenth century art in a twentieth century world. They forget the countless patient experiments that were necessary to produce the marvels of science today, and that a number of experiments in a new musical idiom must take place before a perfected technique of composition can be attained. They do not realize that harmonies that they accept without question today were once matters of fierce dispute, and that we must go on now to others, or repeat ourselves to the point of banality. In short, in the scientific twentieth century, they lack one of the most important attributes of a scientific spirit—tolerance and interest in the new.

It is not in the field of composition, however, that science has most affected music, but in the field of mechanical reproduction. The inventions of the radio and phonograph are perhaps the most important development in music today. It is impossible to overestimate the cultural value of these gifts of science. They have done for music what the printing press has done for literature. In order to appreciate their importance it is necessary to recall the place that music occupied in America before they became generally used.

Until a comparatively few years ago, music has occupied a peculiar place in the life of America. To a casual observer it would appear that we were a nation of music lovers, for practically every child whose parents could afford it—and many whose parents could not—studied some kind of musical instrument.

The piano was by far the favorite. Every day, after school hours, all over America, the air resounded with scales and exercises, pounded out conscientiously or rebelliously, according to the disposition of the child. Seldom was the practicing done enthusiastically, for in the majority of cases the child was studying merely because his parents insisted upon it, and not because he was interested in music. When he became old enough to rebel successfully he usually did, and thereafter confined his musical activities to learning the latest dance music or to singing in the college glee club.

In spite of our wholesale "taking" of music we knew little or nothing about it. Even the more ambitious and industrious pupils, who learned to play the piano with skill and feeling, were hardly better off. They may have achieved a fairly large repertoire, but even so, they knew very little about music. Unless they were fortunate enough to live in cities where concerts were given, their knowledge of Bach was limited to two or three fugues and inventions, and perhaps a suite. Beethoven meant the "Pathetique" and "Moonlight Sonata," and Brahms one or two of the easier intermezzi and ballades. The greatest works of these composers —the symphonies and oratorios which make their names the most illustrious in music—were a closed book to them, be they ever so conscientious, skillful, or emotional over their playing. Had they known all the piano literature (a feat possible only to a very few concert artists) they still might have been unacquainted with the field of music. One knowing the field of piano literature might be compared to one who knows the field of lyric poetry and nothing else in literature. We could not in truth say that such a person knew much about literature.

Music is such a vast field that most of us would necessarily have lived and died without knowing much about it, had science not come to our aid with the phonograph and the radio. These have made music available to all of us in a way that no one dreamed possible a few years ago. No longer is music the privilege of the fortunate few. Today practically everyone owns a radio or phonograph, or has access to one or the other. This means that the greatest music, interpreted by the world's greatest performers, is ours by the mere lifting of a finger.

It was in the 1920's that the phonograph people began to realize that the public might be interested in records of serious music. Hitherto phonographs had been used chiefly for dance music and popular songs. (There were some better records also, consisting largely of solos and duets, both instrumental and vocal, performed by good artists.) Now, however, mechanical improvements have made symphonic and operatic recordings not only possible but feasible. The first tentative attempts in this direction met almost immediately with enthusiastic response from the public. Today the music lover collects a library of records as a book lover collects a library of books. A well stocked musical library is now part of the equipment of every up-to-date college. In large cities the public libraries maintain a department of music, where records may be borrowed as books are. Those who have no phonographs may use those in the sound proof booths in the library; and there is always a line of music lovers awaiting their turn.

Radio, too, has done much for music. Thanks to science (and advertising) we may now hear the best operas, symphonies, and chamber music, as well as solos, performed by the most capable interpreters in the world.

For a while musicians and educators were skeptical as to the true value of this mechanical music. They were afraid that young people would prefer to produce music by turning on the radio or phonograph, rather than by going through the long years of study that would enable them to produce it. They feared that concert attendance would suffer, but events have seemed to prove their fears groundless. It may be that fewer people study instruments than formerly, but those who do are more enthusiastic and more in earnest than ever before. By means of the phonograph and the radio they have experienced a vision of the beautiful and glorious art of music. Once music has put its spell upon them no labor seems too long and difficult. They can see technique now as a means to the end of exploring more fully the enchanted land of music, rather than as a fussy and tiresome thing that must be done because the teacher insists upon it.

New courses in music literature have been added to college curricula—courses that were impossible a few years ago. These courses are taken by musicians and non-musicians alike; and the latter are just as quick in their appreciation as the former. The students now experience great music as they experience great books. They discuss the "Ninth Symphony" or the "Ring" as they might discuss "Hamlet" or "Paradise Lost." They no longer feel that music is a mysterious, involved thing, to be understood by a few. They know by actual experience that Bach may be simple and tender as well as profound, and that the little pieces over which they struggled are a very small part of his work. Tschaikowsky is no longer merely a word difficult to spell and to pronounce, but the delightful composer of the "Nutcracker Suite", stirring symphonies, and other beautiful works.

It is generally agreed among musicians and educators that the phonograph is of more true value to music than the radio. Though the latter has brought great music into homes that might never have experienced it otherwise, too often the atmosphere is not conducive to the best listening. Even if the broadcast of the opera is free from bridge playing, knitting and casual conversation, the performance is soon over and gone. We cannot hold it or call it back. As enjoyable as a single performance may be, it is not enough. We must hear great music again and again; we must live with it until we become a part of it and it becomes a part of us. Like a great book or a great picture it becomes more dear to us as we study it. The great value of the phonograph is that records give us music in book form. We may hear them again and again; as the "Book of Common Prayer" says, "We may read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest them." Only then will their full beauty and meaning be revealed to us. One may be indifferent to the Franck symphony at first hearing, but everyone familiar with it, musician or layman, responds to its beauty, power, and spiritual exaltation.

The average person has thought too long that music is the property of the elect few. Perhaps it has been so in the past, but it need be so no longer. There is no magic formula for understanding music. There is no trick, no hocus pocus. Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Wagner,

Brahms—all the great composers who used to awe the average person need only to be heard to be loved.

There is so much unrest and bewilderment in the world today that it would seem that more and more people would avail themselves of this wonderful opportunity for happiness. Science has brought to our lives a physical comfort that our ancestors never dreamed possible. We are beginning to realize that through the radio and phonograph it has opened to us new and vast possibilities for cultural growth and happiness as well.

"The final result of a true education is not a selfish scholar, nor a scornful critic of the universe, but an intelligent and faithful citizen who is determined to put all his powers at the service of his country and mankind.—Henry Van Dyke.

NEAR BEAUTY

There are so many things of beauty here:
The twisted oak, whose roots were in the land
A thousand years ago; the willow wand,
A summer old, a pliant pioneer
Against the winter winds; the sunset skies
Of gold and grey along a purpled aisle;
A baby's trusting arms; an old man's smile;
The light that lingers in a lover's eyes.
I think that life is little but a quest
For richest beauty, things that we may make
A part of us and never know the ache
Of losing. Here is all the lovliest
In beauty's store surrounding us. We may
Reach out to take. 'Tis never far away.

—Marshall M. Brice.

CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN POETRY

EDWARD P. VANDIVER, JR.

A CLASSIFICATION of trends in recent literature, although usually difficult, is often of great value to the student or even the casual reader. It is, therefore, with interest that one considers Alfred Kreymborg's division of contemporary American poetry into three periods: the romantic, the neo-classic, and a later unnamed period. A consideration of these three periods, conveniently spaced according to decades—the romantic (1912-22) and the neo-classic (1922-32)—may well serve as a basis for the present discussion.

The renaissance of poetry in the twentieth-century America may be dated from 1912. In that year *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse* appeared under the editorship of Harriet Monroe. Within the next five years there were published such important productions as Vachel Lindsay's *Congo,* Robert Frost's *North of Boston,* Edgar Lee Masters' *Spoon River Anthology,* Carl Sandburg's *Chicago Poems,* Edna St. Vincent Millay's *Renascence,* and the poems of Amy Lowell, Edward Arlington Robinson, and many others.

Among the many influences operating on this group, especially important was that of Walt Whitman: his Americanism, his love of all types of people and all phases of life, his optimism, his robust love of nature—the joys of the open road, the glory of a blade of grass, the superiority of the stars to the uninspired lecture on astronomy; his disregard of the mythological, the hackneyed, and the ultra-conventional; and his use of free verse and easily-understood diction (even slang at times). The influence of Whitman's philosophy or technique, sometimes both—notably in the case of Carl Sandburg—is evident in much of the twentieth-century verse.

"The new poetry," said Harriet Monroe, editor of *Poetry,* "strives for a concrete and immediate realization of Life." That is, the poets wished to write about life in such a clear and impressive manner that they would awaken a deep interest in their readers. And they succeeded, partly because they were achieving what William Butler Yeats, of the Irish group of poets, advocated—"a style like speech, as simple as the simplest prose, like a cry of the heart." The reading public did not have to be well informed concerning classical mythology to understand what it read. The sorrow and happiness of people in all walks of life and the beauty, power, glory, and brutality of both people and nature were what the readers needed to know if they wished to understand the new poetry, whether they read Sara Teasdale's verses written in regular meter or the free verse of Amy Lowell's "Patterns" or Vachel Lindsay's "The Chinese Nightingale."

Among the innovations in the new poetry besides free verse was the broadening of subject matter. A good example is Sandburg's celebration, in "Chicago", of a city of materialism, of butchered hogs, sweating laborers, and evil men and women, but at the same time a city possessing people filled with pride, youth, and courage. Likewise in Sandburg's poetry can be found "unpoetic" diction,

even slang. In "Jazz Fantasia" one finds: "Can the rough stuff"; in "Boy and Father": "Always Alexander listens with a keen listen"; and in "Death Snips Proud Men": "Read 'em and weep."

During this first decade of the new poetry there was only one organized group of poets with a definite creed. This was the Imagists, among whom were Amy Lowell, John Gould Fletcher, and H. D. These were their six articles of faith:

1. To use the language of common speech, but to employ always the *exact* word, not the merely decorative word.
2. To create new rhythms—as the expression of new moods. We do not insist upon "free verse" as the only method of writing poetry...We do believe that the individuality of a poet may often be better expressed in free verse than in conventional forms.
3. To allow absolute freedom in the choice of a subject.
4. To present an image...(to) render particulars exactly and not deal in vague generalities...
5. To produce poetry that is hard and clear.
6. Finally, most of us believe that concentration is the very essence of poetry.

Most critics will doubtless agree that these six suggestions are good; some will probably conclude that they embody splendid advice for any poet. The three chief American representatives of this group have written some distinctive poetry, usually in free verse. Two of them—Amy Lowell and Fletcher—have also written what has been called polyphonic prose, which, although printed as prose, possesses many of the characteristics of verse: alliteration, assonance, and rime. Examples of this hybrid type of composition are Lowell's "Red Slippers" and Fletcher's "Clipper Ships."

During this so-called romantic decade there was written much poetry that one admires: the lyrics of Sara Teasdale and Edna St. Vincent Millay, much of the Imagist poetry, the character studies of Edward Arlington Robinson, the portrayal of New England life and scenery by Robert Frost, the chants of Vachel Lindsay, the concise revelations of the dead in *The Spoon River Anthology,* and some of Carl Sandburg's strong declarations of the worthwhileness of life. These poets, in general, seem to be enthusiastic about life and eager to portray it. Even when they deal with the tragedies of existence, they usually leave the impression that life is good in spite of the suffering and disappointment that many endure. A healthful, energetic spirit permeates their poetry.

With the twenties came a reaction against the enthusiasm and optimism of the preceding decade. After the World War the spirit of disillusion and despair took possession of the poets. The idea of the futility of life found its best expression, perhaps, in Mr. T. S. Eliot's "The Waste Land." This poem, published in 1922, occasioned a great stir among critics as to whether it was a masterpiece or merely a poem abounding in obscurities and at times even meaningless. At any rate, the poem was very influential in two different respects: the idea of futility and the obscurity of style. Mr. Eliot himself was regarded as a new leader by many of the younger poets.

The decade 1922-32, during which Eliot's influence was strong, Mr. Kreymborg calls the neo-classic period, because many of the poets turned to the traditions of Europe, became critical, emphasized technique, and lacked enthusiasm. To this decade belong Robinson Jeffers, E. E. Cummings, Elinor Wylie, Archibald Macleish, the Nashville Fugitives, the writers two of the most important are Secessionists, and many others. Of these Jeffers and Macleish.

Robinson Jeffers fascinatingly depicts the beautiful and the brutal. He writes masterfully of the loveliness of nature and of the charm of some people; but also he is preoccupied with a consideration of the dark and powerful passions that overwhelm the persons whom they possess. Murder, adultery, and mental anguish are his themes; but few even of his grimmest scenes are unrelieved by a touch of beauty from the environment. Lance, in "Give Your Heart to the Hawks", after killing his brother in a drunken fit of anger, passes the rest of his life moving unhappily through scenes of wild beauty but never finds relief from his conscience until the day that he finally leaps over the cliff to give his heart to the hawks.

In spite of—or perhaps on account of—the unpleasantness of his themes, Jeffers has attracted a large number of readers. He injects into his verse such vigor and rapidity of movement that he produces unusually good narrative poetry. Moreover, he is preeminent among living American poets in the display of intense passion.

Jeffers has been accused of having a distorted perspective, of lacking especially the ability to see life steadily and see it whole; but apparently he prefers to deal with the unhappiness and frustration which seem to be a large part of the lives of many people.

Another important narrative poet is Archibald Macleish. Especially has he attracted attention with his *Conquistador* (1932), in which an old Spanish warrior tells his story of the conquest of Mexico under Cortés. The poem is full of the gusto of youth: the terrific fighting, love, the breath of the gales of the ocean, the excitement attending the conquest of a strange country. But interwoven with this zestful story of the glory of young manhood is the melancholy of the old man as he broods, though bravely, over the loss of youth, happiness, and health. Once he and his companions were lords of the country, but now time has done its work; death and sorrow are his present lot. Many of these elegiac lines remind one of similar types of utterance in *Beowulf* and other Anglo-Saxon poems. *Conquistador* suggests the rugged strength of the Anglo-Saxon poetry in both thought and expression.

Macleish, who served in the World War, has given us two of the most powerful poems—at least, by an American—dealing with the War: "Memorial Rain" and "Lines for an Interment." He has stated his view of poetry in "Ars Poetica." He has written on such diverse themes as "Einstein", "Immortal Autumn", "The Hamlet of A. Macleish." All things considered, he remains one of our most interesting poets in spite of his tendency to omit punctuation to such an extent that he retards the progress of the reader.

Other noteworthy narrative poets of recent years are Stephen Vincent Benét, William Rose Benét, and Phelps Putnam.

John Donne and other seventeenth-century poets, especially the Metaphysical group, have greatly influenced such writers as T. S. Eliot, Elinor Wylie, Louise Bogan, Léonie Adams, and Hazel Hall.

Although many interesting poets have not been considered, the present sketch will be concluded by a brief reference to one of the younger poets. George Dillon, born in Florida in 1906, won the Pulitzer Prize with his second volume of poetry, *The Flowering Stone* (1931). Although

young, he has achieved success—but not by attempting to be startlingly original or obscure in verse forms, punctuation, or thought. Instead, he follows the best traditions of orthodox poetry and yet writes refreshingly and significantly of spring and love in such poems as "In Two Months Now" and "April's Amazing Meaning."

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"There are five tests of the evidence of education—correctness and precision in the use of the mother tongue; refined and gentle manners, the result of fixed habits of thought and action; sound standards of appreciation of beauty and of worth, and a character based on these standards; power and habit of reflection; efficiency or the power to do."

—NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER.

FOR SUCH A TIME AS THIS

An Address by Gillie Aldah Larew, at the Senior Investiture Service of Mary Baldwin College, Staunton, Va., October 4, 1934.

I WAS reading not long ago from the pages of a diary kept by a school-girl younger than are most of you who are here this morning. It is short, as are most of the diaries which school-girls keep, and is filled with the daily doings of a simple life and the dreams of an eager girl. More than three score years and ten have passed since the author of this diary wrote an entry telling how she had gone riding with some friends and had dropped behind the others and ridden alone through the woods, "so that I could think for a little while of next winter, when I shall be in school in Staunton", she says. "Next winter" was far too full of war and trouble for the fulfilling of the little diarist's dream. Not then, nor in any other winter did she join "Miss Baldwin's girls" at the Augusta Female Seminary. It is, therefore, a filial duty, as well as a personal pleasure to be with you today, to stand at last, where my mother longed to be, and to join with you in paying tribute to the fine and pioneering spirit of the great teacher of young women who gave her name, her life, and her spirit to this college.

They were troubled days in which that diary was written, and they were followed by days even more troubled and uncertain in those years when Miss Baldwin was creating this institution out of sheer faith and courage. I wonder if we ever realize how near akin those troubled times are to our own present? My mother and her generation, the first of the long line of "Miss Baldwin's girls", saw the social and economic structure of their world completely destroyed, saw everything they had held as sure among the material things of life swept away. I think there have been no such great and sweeping changes at any time from that day to this day of change and uncertainty. For this is a day of change —and of bewilderment. In my favorite place of diversion, the pages of the *New Yorker,* I saw the other day a picture that seemed to me to indicate with delightful exactness our state of mind. A daring pilot is guiding an air-plane, and a polite, but disturbed passenger leans forward to say timidly, "I beg your pardon, but should there be hot-dog stands *above* us?" I do not mean to come with a message of pessimism on what is and should be a day of joy and inspiration to all of you; I hope before I am done to make clear that my theme is one of hope and confidence. But surely there is no one of you too young to know that in many ways the world *is* upside down. Old securities, old landmarks are changed or gone. Old ambitions have become idle dreams. What, in this strange hour, do you seek, O Youth, with your strength and your beauty? What, in this strange hour, do you offer, O you colleges, rising cream and rose and white against the calm serenity of the blue sky?

What did they seek and what did they find in those other days of uncertainty that I have compared to these? It seems to me that no one has ever done justice

to the spirit of the amazing thing they did, those young people of the 1860's and 1870's. Out of the Confederate army came young men who were boys, when the war began, and had been made men almost overnight by the hard usages of battle and siege and wounds and starvation. They faced the world with no jobs, with no hope of jobs, with no money, no "influence", to see what they could do about it—as boys in 1933 and 1934 have done. And what did they do, those other boys? They went, as many of them as could possibly achieve it, back to school! They returned of their own free will to the regime of college regulations and an order of life that had been planned for inexperienced boys. They returned, not to be taught the practical arts and ways to make a living, but to master the college subjects of their day—literature and languages and philosophy and mathematics. Miss Baldwin stiffened the course for her girls, though Mr. McGuffey warned her she was making work too hard and too abstract for these young women, who must soon be managing their households. The idol and inspiration of the age, General Lee, found satisfaction and fulfilment in the work of the presidency of a little college for boys in the Valley of Virginia.

And why? I know that it would be easy to say that these boys only followed the line of least resistance and went back to the thing they had been doing, when the world went mad. I know that it is possible that not many of them had a very clear idea of why they went back to school or what it was they found there. But I like to believe that these young people in that other age of bewilderment knew what they were seeking. There is an immortal thing we call the human spirit which grows and persists in every age. It does not depend on prosperity for its strength nor on luxury for its development. Indeed, when life is too easy and the material comforts of life too lavish, then is this spirit likely to languish. Through long ages it has seemed dead; but it has always revived and lived again. The most civilized of peoples—peoples like the ancient Greeks —have known that the nurture of this spirit is the highest and finest end of man's existence. They have tried so to order their lives that they might use a fraction of their time in providing for those things that perish with the using—food and clothes and shelter—and have left wide margins of leisure for the uses of the human spirit. The very word "school" is the Greek word for leisure. I like to think, then, that these young people went back to school to seek out food for the one possession that was left to them—for the human spirit. That I am justified in this opinion I believe, because I know that though they had to earn the material things of life in strange and unexpected ways—often in ways for which they were grotesquely unfitted—they achieved for themselves and showed to us their children and grandchildren a rich and wise and beautiful use of their leisure time, of that time in which they were truly themselves.

I was asked a few weeks ago to speak to the freshmen at my own college on scholarship, and I tried, as I have tried in other years, when I have had this task, to answer with them the question of what scholarship is. We are wondering whether this may be a start toward a definition: *Scholarship is a persistent and courageous search for those things by which the human spirit is nurtured and made strong.* That makes, you see, of scholarship a direction and not an attain-

ment. That definition gives, I hope, meaning, not only to our efforts in the class-room, but to our efforts throughout all our days. May I try to make a little parable to carry the idea? To all of us the name of Leonardo da Vinci is familiar, even though we cannot go beyond remembering the Mona Lisa with her weary, heavy-lidded eyes or the Last Supper, fading on the refectory wall of a monastery in Milan. We do always remember that Leonardo most truly deserved the title given him by his contemporaries, "the universal man," and that he was mathematician, engineer, inventor, and poet, as well as artist. The great desire of his life was to conquer the air, to fly, as birds fly. His notebooks testify by hundreds of drawings to his absorption with this ambition. From wings of birds to designs of aircraft drawn to scale, they stand on those fascinating pages, mute evidence of a great desire. But Leonardo never flew. The mechanical difficulties were too great. When the Italian fliers crossed the Atlantic a little more than a year ago, the *New York Times* printed an editorial with the caption, "Leonardo Flies Across the Sea". Do you catch the parable? Leonardo, who never flew above the smiling Tuscan landscape, yet crossed the cold seas with Lindbergh and came across the blue summer waters with his countrymen. In a persistent and courageous search for the things by which the human spirit is nurtured and made strong, Miss Baldwin was a pioneer and a leader; today, it is Miss Baldwin's girls, who assume the duties and demands of that search and turn their faces in the way she went.

We have lived, since the great war, through a period of "fat years" in which this ideal of the nurture of the human spirit, as a supreme obsession was obscured and all but lost. We were absorbed for a decade and more with the enjoyment of material things. We almost came to believe that the end of education was to train men and women so that they might amass goods more effectively and surround themselves with greater luxury. Even devoted and sincere public servants interpreted American life and American ideals in terms of richer food and more motor cars. Youth sought—and the colleges sought to give—ways to get more luxury, more clothes, more wheels turning faster and faster to carry us away from emptiness of life. And emptiness rode with us, while the swift wheels turned.

And now there has come the change and the "new" challenge, which is as old as civilization. There is not enough work in the world, it seems, to keep everybody busy all the time. Who, except in delirium could have thought so? And the new world must have in it large allowance for leisure. What will you do with this leisure? What will you seek? There is an engraving by William Blake that expresses the aspiration I would convey to you. It is the conception of a mystic, and I cannot try to describe what Blake meant you to see for yourself. But I can tell you the title and ask you to look at the engraving in the Tate Gallery in London or in a good print. The title is, "Lord, teach these souls to fly".

Now, when it comes to expressing all these ideals and aspirations in our daily work—even in those parts of the day that are not times of work—it seems that the way to the goal we seek is along a rocky and not always interesting road. We must master dull and unending details, declensions, dates, genders, formulas, outlines, atomic numbers. We for-

get the fine ideal and cry out, "What's the use?". Let me remind you on what things you have built the purest and finest thing your life has so far known—the relationship between yourself and your parents. With what patient and untiring attention to the ugly and insignificant details of life, details as small as clean hands and reasonable table-manners, has your mother wrought in you a transformation from the little savage you were to whatever of youthful grace and charm you express today! The mother who neglects these annoying details or leaves them to another, that mother never quite enjoys, and her daughter never quite enjoys the real full and happy relationship that should be between mother and daughter. It is the old quality that Mrs. Browning found in Euripedes, with his

"...touching of things common
Till they rise to touch the spheres."

It is all a business of emphasis, isn't it? Do you know that fine epitaph that comes to us from another world?—

"A slave was Epictetus, who before you buried lies,
And a beggar and a cripple—and the favored of the skies."

It is hard for us in whose veins runs the blood of Presbyterian elders and preachers to refrain from preaching a sermon, and it is practically impossible to refrain, whether we preach a sermon or not, from taking a text. I have held out against the text thus far, but now it is upon me, and, though I did not begin with it, I must end with it. It is a Bible text, too, words spoken in a time of great perplexity to a girl, younger than most of you. The text I wish to leave with you is in the words of Mordecai to Esther: "Who knoweth whether thou art come unto the kingdom for such a time as this?"

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